BUILDINGS THAT ARE LIKE BIG TOWNS.

The New York Sky-Scrapers and the Dangers They Threaten.

Tenants of the Manhattan Life Would Densely Block Broadway.

RESULTS SURE TO FOLLOW A PANIC.

If All the Big Buildings Downtown Were Emptied at Once, Hundreds of Persons Would Be Crushed to Death.

The tenants of one of New York's great office buildings are equal in number to the population of a large New England town. If, through fire or some other cause, the occupants of the Manhattan Life building, for instance, were to be forced into the street they would block Broadway—a mass of pushing, shouting, vigorous humanity. Imagine the result of precipitating 4,000 persons into Broadway at any given point, and the effect of an unexpected exodus from the Manhattan Life building can be realized.

The comparison of the office building tenantry to the population of a town is correct in many phases. There are always men, women and children in these human hives, representatives of many trades and professions. The halls are the streets, the elevators represent the transportation facilities. The office building is like a walled town, built in the air instead of being scattered along the earth's surface.

Taking these buildings in the aggregate, it is hard to foresee the result of a panic which would empty all of those located on Broadway at the same moment. Add these people to the throngs always to be found upon the thoroughfare, and the crush would be enormous. Fill the minds of the people forming this throng with the belief that fearful danger from some source is impending, and the consequences will be much like those resulting from the recent Baltimore theatre fire, only on a tremendous scale.

The narrowest part of Manhattan Island is, perhaps, from Cedar street to the Battery. In this vicinity are situated the majority of the sky-scrapers. What the utility of these buildings may be it is hard to say aside from the fact that the area being so limited in the district owners of a limited building frontage, in their desire to reap the greatest possible income from the smallest available building space, have been compelled to resort to borrowing from the skies the space which they lacked under the old-fashioned system, when a five or six-story building was considered something out of the ordinary.

With the beginning of steady increase of business and population during the last few years the era of multi-storied buildings was inaugurated. Protests have been made from time to time against the system of building, legislative interference has been invoked to limit the height of future buildings in proportion to the width of the streets on which they front, as is the custom in European cities, but it is safe to say that the tall building has come to stay and will only be prevented by the lowering of value from a commercial standpoint. Then, and not till then, will the sky-scrapers' day be ended.

In addition to the objections made to these huge structures, the question arises as to what would happen in the event of fire, the bombardment of New York by a hostile fleet or any other unforeseen contingency. In order to gain some idea of what would happen in such an event, a Journal reporter paid a visit to some of the most prominent office buildings in the district from Cedar street and Broadway to below Wall street, including the Manhattan Life Building. It was very difficult to get any information from the agents of the buildings. Asked the number of office rooms, the approximate population of the building when filled, the most astonishing ignorance seems to prevail. The reason for this was made apparent when the manager of a safe deposit company informed the writer that the reluctance to impart this information arose from the fact that the owners had given specific orders to say nothing on these points, adding naively, "you know, it might raise taxation rates."

Taking Broadway at Cedar street, the average width, including the sidewalks on both sides of the street and the roadway, approximates 100 feet. Supposing, for instance, that some catastrophe were to occur in the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's building, on the top story of which is situated the United States Weather Bureau. This structure covers a space of 67x125 feet. It contains 210 offices. But this by no means gives an adequate idea of the population which daily inhabits it during working hours.

According to a close estimate the average number of people in the building, including hall men, watchmen, elevator men and visitors, is 4,000. In addition to this the elevators carry daily some 5,000 people. If, then, in the event of some unforeseen catastrophe, the whole mass of humanity was crowded on the sidewalk in Broadway, the result would be appalling. At this point, as stated, the total width of the street is but 100 feet. This includes both sidewalks and the roadway. Under these circumstances, the precipitation of a crowd of 4,000 people on the street would mean that they would be packed almost like herrings in a barrel.

But this is taking only one building in the district, but there are many between Cedar street and the Manhattan Life building. First comes the Equitable; then the American Surety building, 400 rooms, with about 800 people, aside from employes; the Schermerhorn building, regarding which all information was refused, and the Union Trust Company building. It is safe to assume that these three places would aggregate a crowd, including visitors, of at least three thousand people. This, with the 4,000 people from the Manhattan Life building, would mean a crowd of at least seven thousand people crowded within this extremely narrow space.

If there were no buildings along Broadway more than five stories high, to suddenly empty them would pack the streets. How much greater, then, must be the result when buildings are numerous along the thoroughfare four times five stories in height, should there be an earthquake shock in New York of sufficient force to cause serious alarm! The fatalities resulting would not be so great from falling buildings as from the panic among the vast crowds with which the great office buildings would flood the streets.

HE PATROLS A GOLDEN STREET.

A Man Whose Good Fortune Is Envied by Thousands.

Only a Watchman, but He Is on the Friendliest Terms with Famous Men.

MILLIONS ARE TRULY BACK OF HIM.

Burglars Shun His Beat, and Life Is Apparently to Him of Unalloyed Comfort and Prosperity.

A man in New York has been walking a golden street for twenty years, and he is by no means a dead man. Judging by appearances, he is likely to keep on walking the golden street for twenty years, or perhaps twice twenty years, more.

The golden street is not a long one, and yet he has walked its full length so many times that the total distance would have taken him entirely around the earth more than once.

"Is the street of real gold?" may be asked. Of course it is. There is so much gold along that street that if it were coined into twenty-dollar gold pieces the street would have a pavement one inch thick extending from property line to property line.

The golden street of New York is that part of Fifty-seventh street that lies between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Beginning with the residences of Cornelius Vanderbilt and William C. Whitney, on the corner of Fifth avenue, two solid blocks of the homes of millionaires extend to the West. In this section live such men of millions as James Roosevelt, ex-Senator Talcott, Oliver Harriman and Mayor Strong. Men who have made vast fortunes in silks, in patent medicines, in warehouses, in real estate, and what not, have taken their abodes here.

The man who has been walking this richest street in New York is Thomas Loughlin, the watchman. He is a fine-looking, stalwart American of Irish parentage. Forty-one years of age, he hardly looks more than thirty. In all kinds of weather he patrols the block from 10 at night until 6 in the morning. He works for a trust. That is, he draws a salary from every property owner along the block. How much he makes you can easily figure out for yourself. There are forty houses on the street, and a millionaire would hardly pay less than a dollar a week for a watchman.

A good many years ago Loughlin worked in a silk hat factory. When work was dull he secured employment in a burglar protection agency, and was assigned to patrol Fifty-seventh street. Not long afterward the private watchman employed by Cornelius Vanderbilt and a few of his neighbors died. Here was Loughlin's opportunity, and he grasped it. He went to Mr. Vanderbilt, applied for the position, and got it, and has held it ever since.

He has gotten in that time to know and be known by every member of every family along the street. There are thousands of men in the higher walks of life who would give their fortunes to know the people on the street as well as he does. There are young men in society circles who have tried and tried in vain to win such bows and pleasant smiles as Loughlin receives from the wives and daughters of the residents of the golden street.

Yet Loughlin is a modest fellow and his valuable acquaintance has not turned his head. While in his business he must necessarily see many things that the world at large never gets to know; while he must necessarily hear quite often the rattling of the bones of family skeletons, he discreetly holds his tongue.

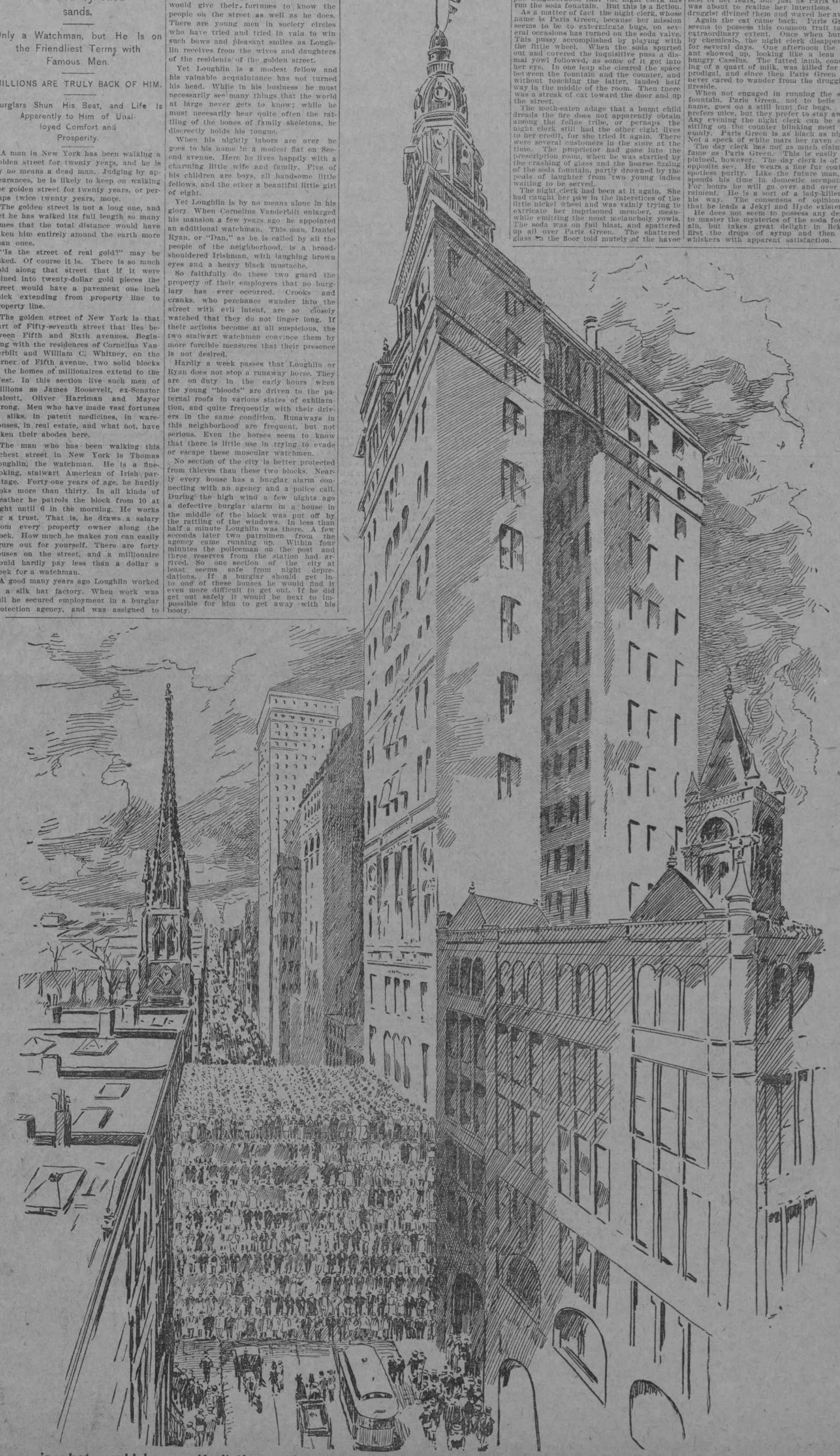
When his nightly labors are over he goes to his home in a modest flat on Second avenue. Here he lives happily with a charming little wife and family. Five of his children are boys, all handsome little fellows, and the other a beautiful little girl of eight.

Yet Loughlin is by no means alone in his glory. When Cornelius Vanderbilt enlarged his mansion a few years ago he appointed an additional watchman. This man, Daniel Ryan, or "Dan," as he is called by all the people of the neighborhood, is a broad-shouldered Irishman, with laughing brown eyes and a heavy black mustache.

So faithfully do these two guard the property of their employers that no burglary has ever occurred. Crooks and cranks, who perchance wander into the street with evil intent, are so closely watched that they do not linger long. If their actions become at all suspicious, the two stalwart watchmen convince them by more forcible measures that their presence is not desired.

Hardly a week passes that Loughlin or Ryan does not stop a runaway horse. They are on duty in the early hours when the young "bloods" are driven to the paternal roofs in various states of exhilaration, and quite frequently with their drivers in the same condition. Runaways in this neighborhood are frequent, but not serious. Even the horses seem to know that there is little use in trying to evade or escape these muscular watchmen.

No section of the city is better protected from thieves than these two blocks. Nearly every house has a burglar alarm connecting with an agency and a police call. During the high wind a few nights ago a defective burglar alarm in a house in the middle of the block was put off by the rattling of the windows. In less than half a minute Loughlin was there. A few seconds later two patrolmen from the agency came running up. Within four minutes the policeman on the post and three reserves from the station had arrived. So one section of the city at least seems safe from night depredations. If a burglar should get into one of these houses he would find it even more difficult to get out. If he did get out safely it would be next to impossible for him to get away with his booty.



THIS—

is what would happen if all the people in one of our biggest office buildings should leave at the same moment.

SMART DRUG STORE CATS.

The Puss That Toyed with the Soda Fountain and What Happened to Her in Consequence.

A prominent uptown drug store is the home of two very intelligent cats. One is known as the "Night Clerk," the other as the "Day Clerk." It is current talk in the neighborhood that the night clerk has run the soda fountain. But this is a fiction.

As a matter of fact the night clerk, whose name is Paris Green, because her mission seems to be to exterminate bugs, on several occasions has turned on the soda valve. This pussy accomplished by playing with the little wheel. When the soda spurted out and covered the inquisitive puss a dismal yowl followed, as some of it got into her eye. In one leap she cleared the space between the fountain and the counter, and without touching the latter, landed half way in the middle of the room. Then there was a streak of cat toward the door and up the street.

The moth-eaten adage that a burnt child dreads the fire does not apparently obtain among the feline tribe, or perhaps the night clerk still had the other eight lives to her credit, for she tried it again. There were several customers in the store at the time. The proprietor had gone into the prescription room, when he was startled by the crashing of glass and the hoarse fizzing of the soda fountain, partly drowned by the peals of laughter from two young ladies waiting to be served.

The night clerk had been at it again. She had caught her paw in the interstices of the little nickel wheel and was vainly trying to extricate her imprisoned member, meanwhile emitting the most melancholy yowls. The soda was on full blast, and spattered up all over Paris Green. The shattered glass on the floor told mutely of the havoc she had wrought. The druggist was so amused at the predicament the night clerk had gotten herself into that it was with regret he released her. Paris Green was a sorry looking spectacle. If she had an ingrowing stomach she could not have felt more miserable. She slunk off thoroughly dejected.

The next day she was observed regarding the little wheel with great interest, but did not get her courage up to the point of repeating the performance of the previous day. Later on, however, curiosity got the best of her fears, but just as Paris Green was about to realize her intentions. The druggist divined them and waved her away.

Again the cat came back. Paris Green seems to possess this common trait to an extraordinary extent. Once when burned by chemicals, the night clerk disappeared for several days. One afternoon the truant showed up, looking like a lean and hungry Cassius. The fatted lamb, consisting of a quart of milk, was killed for the prodigal, and since then Paris Green has never cared to wander from the druggist's fireside.

When not engaged in running the soda fountain, Paris Green, not to belie her name, goes on a still hunt for bugs. She prefers mice, but they prefer to stay away. Any evening the night clerk can be seen sitting on the counter blinking most solemnly. Paris Green is as black as night. Not a speck of white mars her raven coat.

The day clerk has not as much claim to fame as Paris Green. This is easily explained, however. The day clerk is of the opposite sex. He wears a fine fur coat of spotless purity. Like the future man, he spends his time in domestic occupation. For hours he will go over and over his raiment. He is a sort of a lady-killer in his way. The consensus of opinion is that he leads a Jekyl and Hyde existence.

He does not seem to possess any desire to master the mysteries of the soda fountain, but takes great delight in licking first the drops of syrup and then his whiskers with apparent satisfaction.

ODOR OF VIOLETS VERY FASHIONABLE.

The Correct Perfume for All the Various Uses of Womankind.

Sachets, Smelling Salts, Tooth Washes, Face Powders and Confections.

FAVORITE VARIETY OF THE "400."

The High-Priced Product of a New York Druggist, Made from His Own Formula, Is to Compete Against the Foreigners.

The fashionable perfume this year is the odor of violets. A noted uptown druggist has applied this perfume to suit every taste of womankind, including sachets, smelling salts, soaps, tooth washes, face powders and confections for the breath. His latest and proudest production is what is known as the concrete essence.

"In this," he said to a Journal reporter, "you get the exact odor of the real flower. In most of the so-called 'violet' perfumes—wild violet, wood violet, Swiss violet, Parma violet, or whatever name you like—I defy any one to recognize the actual scent, but this preparation is just the same as a bunch of the flowers themselves.

"The price is $4.50 per ounce. Yes, it is a little 'steep,' but when you consider that over a hundred double violets are required to produce one teaspoonful of the perfume you will easily understand that it is impossible to sell it any cheaper. And then again, you must take into consideration that, the extract being so very strong, only a very small quantity need be used at a time. Does the price prohibit a big demand? No, indeed. Of course, only rich folks could or would buy at that price, but we have a large connection with the '400,' and they don't seem to mind what they pay, so long as they get what suits them.

"Until recently the only process of extracting the odor of violets was through the prosaic medium of beef fat, into which the little flowers are again and again plunged, until all their perfume is obtained, when the solidified fat is refined down to an ordinary liquid form. Though this process is at the best an unsatisfactory one, I think I am the only manufacturer who has overcome the difficulty. I am now able to dispense altogether with the fat, and this concrete essence is the product of the new method.

"A great many of the violets I use come from the valley of Grasse in the Maritime Alps, which produces an enormous supply. These 'violet' perfumes are the most expensive of any, because there is such a slight perfume in the little flowers, and, consequently, so many have to be used."

A comparatively new perfume, manufactured by the same firm, is called Moresco, the perfume of the Hammam, or Turkish bath. It has a very fascinating, somewhat uncommon odor. A specialty is also made of Peau d'Espagne, the genuine perfume of the famous Cordovan leather. This leather was imported from Spain to London, where they copied the peculiar perfume, as did subsequently Paris and New York. In Paris, when a woman purchases a costly hat, a piece of the scented leather is generally stitched inside the crown. The same thing has been copied by fashionable New York milliners. The odor is also reproduced in a toilet powder, as well as in the perfume proper.

Another high-class druggist is making a feature of a perfume of his own manufacture, called Morton Lily, supposed to be the extract of Governor Morton's special flower. Whether this is really so or not, it is a most delightful perfume. Another of the novelties now in the market, also prepared by this firm, is called Wild Olive. When the present craze is consigned to the shelf this delightful perfume might deservedly be given a first place in the regard of the fair sex.

Of the imported English and French perfume, the White Rose is familiar to most people. Other novelties are the Violette Reine, the Roman Violet, and the Roman Heliotrope.

"Oh, yes," said the druggist, when asked as to the difference between the Roman violet, the wild violet, the Swiss and the hundred or more other novelties, "of course there is a certain difference in the bottle, in the wrapper and the name, but that is all."

It is generally recognized that the American perfumes—with perhaps one or two exceptions—cannot compete with those manufactured abroad. This is because the majority of makers here endeavor to offer their goods at so low a price that, as many of the materials essential to the manufacture are exceedingly costly, they are compelled to offer a weak, diluted class of goods.

Who originates a new style in perfumes? is often asked. As a rule the fashion is set by some of the leaders of society, though quite accidentally. And when one of the "Four Hundred" discovers a novelty in perfume that takes her fancy she doesn't advertise it to her friends. On the contrary, she does all in her power to keep it a profound secret. But in most cases the secret is impossible to keep, and then the throng, to whom the most trivial hobby of the elite is a guide to be slavishly followed, will rush and tumble over one another in their efforts to be first in the field.

It is interesting to note that Max Nordau, the authority on "degeneration," in his latest novel, entitled "The Comedy of Sentiment," introduces us to a heroine who simply exudes the odor of violets from the very pores of her skin. Even the letters written by this naughty, worldly, but thoroughly up-to-date young person, breathe the same delicate perfume.

NO MORE FAT COPPERS.

Bridgeport's Bluecoats Hereafter Must Join the Physical Culture Class—The New System.

A position on the police force of Bridgeport is a sure preventive from becoming a lean and slippered Pantaloon. Men who became members of the force several years ago and were then wofully thin, are today so stout as to be objects of curiosity.

So bulky have many of the men grown that it has become necessary to form a class of physical culture.

At first several anti-fat remedies were proposed; then it was suggested by one of the Commissioners that the patrolmen should be given longer hours, and in this way the flesh would gradually leave them, but as these methods were considered too slow, a physical director was resorted to. He will take off the bulkiness after the latest and most approved fashion, and it is believed that before Summer the town will have as trim and well proportioned a lot of policemen as can be found in Yankeedom.

The first drill of the men who have been placed in the physical culture class was held at the armory recently, with Physical Director Gabler, of the Bridgeport Y. M. C. A., in charge. Twenty-six fat policemen were in attendance. Police Commissioner Silas Burton and Dr. F. C. Graves, the Bridgeport Gymnasium physician, were present to see that the start was properly made. The lesson opened with a lengthy address by Director Gabler. He showed the policemen conclusively that great benefit could be derived from the new training in calisthenics and general work on the apparatus that would be put in for their exercise. He told of the cause and evil effects of fat, which policemen, from the sedentary character of their occupations, are more than likely to take on." He said policemen everywhere were fatter than the average citizen, but Bridgeport appeared especially gifted in this respect.

Director Gabler will take the policemen into his gymnasium in the Y. M. C. A. for future lessons, and says he will make a much more symmetrical looking force out of the "finest" than it is to-day.